Vol. VIII. [769] Numb. 192

# A REVIEW OF THE STATE OF THE BRITISH NATION.

Saturday, June 14. 1712.

*Britain has this one Fate peculiar to her,*
*Never to want a Party to undo her;*
*The eagerneſs with which w' embroil the State,*
*Makes us o're all the World be wonder'd at.*

NEVER was a Time that this was verified among us like this; I was going to enquire calmly about the Peace; I was going to turn Malecontent a little, and tell you I did not approve all the Peace, and I was going Impartially to Examin what we might have done better, and what worſe: But I cannot ſay a Word now of Peace or Parties, but the *Pretender* is now cram'd down my Throat, in Anſwer to every Argument and every Suggeſtion; the Word is, *the Pretender*, this is like to be our *Shibboleth*, it is the Watch-Word of our Parties — Ask any Man what News do you hear? Oh, the Pretender! How do your like the Peace? Oh, the Pretender! What

is

is the Parliament a doing? Oh, the Pretender! In ſhort, every body you do not like *is bringing in the Pretender*, and and every Thing you do not like, is done *to bring in the Pretender*, and this *Pretender* is become the *Pretence* for all the Chagrin and Diſſatisfaction of the Nation.

Now to purge myſelf firſt, from all Foundation that the honeſteſt Man in the Nation can take Offence at, I ſhall tell you my own Thoughts, and ſtate my own Notions, both of *the Pretender* and *his Party*, and this with all the Serioufneſs that I can — And firſt, I proteſt before all Things, that I abhorr the Thoughts, either of his Perſon or of his Party, as reſpecting his being brought into this Nation; from my Soul, *I deteſt* the Principle that he muſt be reſtor'd upon, *viz.* That of Arbitrary Government, and the Divine Right of Perſonal Succeſſion: I frankly abjure his Claim, and believe I could not eſpouſe his Intereſt, without acting againſt the Light of Nature, Senſe, Reaſon, and Conſcience, and conſequently ſelling my Liberty to a Tyrant, my Poſterity to a Papiſt, and my Soul to the D—l: In Conſequence of this, I'll fight againſt him and his Intereſt, with Heart and Hand to the laſt Gaſp, and pray againſt him as long as I live; nor do I wiſh well to any, or will I willingly Converſe with any that dip their Hands in the Bloody Ignominious Deſign, of ſetting up either him or his Intereſt in this Nation; and I heartily wiſh God from Heaven had been pleas'd to allow, inſtead of the Abjuration, or Additional to it, ſome TEST *of Sincerity* for every Man to take, which, *like the Waters of Jealouſie* in the Old Law, ſhould cauſe the *Belly to ſwell*, and *the Thigh to Rot*, in every one who was not ſincere at the Time of taking it, or ſhould ever afterward break it —— Then, if ever the Abjuring Race lifted up ther Hands for him, the Earth would open her Mouth and ſwallow them, or they would ſink into Filth and Putrefaction above-Ground, and be the Loathing of their Party, inſtead of adding Force to their Power.

When I have ſaid this, I muſt tell you all, that I contemn with Indignation, the Reproaches of thoſe who would ſuggeſt, that I make light of the Pretender's coming, and am farthering his Intereſt — And yet I will not join in with every vain Allarm, nor eſpouſe every Amuſement, as if the Pretender muſt be at the Bottom of every Thing; I no more believe that it is in the Power, or ever will be, of all the *Jacobites* in *Britain*, nay, and the Devil in Conjunction with them, to ſet that *Deſpicable*, upon the Throne, than I believe the Devil dug the Ditch which is called by his Name, upon *New-Market* Heath, or than I believe the late Pretenders to a viſible Reſurrection of their Friend in *Finsbury* Burying-Ground could give Life to his putrify'd Carkaſs.

Have we by Force kept him out for Twenty Year? Is the King of *France* now oblig'd to abandon him, and ſend him wandering out of his Dominions? Has he been baulk'd and diſappointed in every Attempt made to Introduce him? And are we now to be terrify'd with the Inſults of a ſunk, deſperate, but Cowardly Party? Are we to be frighted becauſe they are Inſolent, becauſe they flatter themſelves with vain Hopes? Muſt we Languiſh under vain Fears? No, no, after firſt ſaying, that in Charity I cannot believe that ſuch or ſuch aim at bringing him in, ſo on the other Hand, I'll tell you the better Way to ſatisfie yourſelves, is this; let us all reſolve, theſe, nor any elſe, SHALL NOT

NOT bring him In; the greateſt Security in the Nation againſt the Pretender, is this, *That we will not have this Man to Reign over us*; Paſſive Obedience will never extend to this; ſhould the Queen herſelf, (God protect her Majeſty's Senſes) ſay to her Subjects, *You ſhall have the Pretender to be your King*, I believe the Loyalleſt Subjects Her Majeſty has, would Refuſe and Reſiſt; this is what I meant, when I ſaid the Perſon of the Pretender was the Nation's Averſion, and that this Averſion was our Security againſt his ever coming hither: Fear of an Evil is a Paſſion that deprives Men of the Uſe of thoſe Remedies which Reaſon offers; and therefore, I ſay, theſe Flegmatick Spirits are really and effectually *Jacobites* in Conſequence, tho' not in Inclination: To fear the Pretender is to aſſiſt the Pretender; it is to intimidate the Nation, and Elate and Encourage his Party —— Bid them Defyance, and dare them to it; this is the Way the Nation has hitherto kept him out, and this is the Way he muſt ſtill be kept out; to fear the Pretender, is to allow it poſſible for him to be forc'd upon us, which againſt our Wills I can never think poſſible: I have ſeen handed about the Town a Ballad, which I ſee many People fond of, in which are the following Lines; and as they are exactly to this purpoſe, I here give you a part of them for your Obſervation, and ſhall ſay more to it hereafter.

*Some ſay our Lunacies Advance,*
*And this good Reaſon render;*
*That you are not turn'd Knaves by chance,*
*But the Infection's all from* France,
*And you're brib'd by the Pretender.*

*They ſay it quickly will appear,*
*When Ends are brought together,*
*That ſoon as we can End this War,*
*The Plot will out and you'll declare,*
*For fetching the Ra——al hither.*

*But in Return for that good Thought,*
*We freely let you know,*
*This Twenty Year we've kept him out,*
*And e're you bring that Plot about,*
*To the D——l you all ſhall go.*

ADVER-

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